
Title: Codex Maleficarum volume III

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THE
PATH
OF
SCREAMS
STAGE III

THE HOWL
OF FREEDOM

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(n^ r)

Infernalists are a
decadent lot. After a
while, nothing - not
even the wildest
perversions he can
imagine - can stir a
Fallen One's passions
for long. If he sees
through the Tapestry
of Lies, our warlock
becomes a very
powerfull man.
Which is not to say
that life becomes
boring for him; quite
the opposite - the
closer he gets to the

Pit, the more
interesting his life
becomes.

The warlock seeks
to become a Fallen
Angel on Earth. Once
he has learned the
secrets of the Arts,
he pits himself
against the harbinders
of Light. Once, he
cursed his god. Now
he actually goes to war
with his servants.

Walking on Fire

All magi are
tempted by their
power. Infernalists
are no different. But
where a virtuous
wizard might be
ruined by raw power
or decadence, the
warlock considers
both of those things
his due. To other
magi, the Fallen One
seems to be groping
around in a thicket; as
the Infernalist sees it,
raw materialism and
carnal indulgence are
simply the rewards
of freedom.

But indulgence can
make you weak and
blind. Most
Infernalists lose sight
of the Abyss and
stumble around in the
thicket until some
do-gooder brings a
castle down around
their ears. To walk on
fire, one must tread
carefully... or with
total abandon.
Hesitation can sear the
soul as well as the
soles, and often does.
After a while, the
Devil's Brand - the
Scourge - grows from
a dangerous annoyance

to a deadly hazard.
Thus, after a period
of self-indulgence, a
wise warlock retreats
away from open
decadence and takes up
one of two pastimes:
corruption or
withdrawal.

Corruption is a
Fallen One's most
infamous game. The
rules are simple: Pick
a target, find out what
she wants, offer it to
her, and see how far
you can make her
reach to get it. Then
when she's leaning
over the abyss, give
her a push and see
how far she falls. It's
wonderfull to see how
often the game
succeeds.

This contest of
challenge, seduction
and betrayal takes a
Lex Predatorious to
its logical extreme.
The Infernalist pits
himself against
goodness and virtue
and says, Let's see
how good you really
are!

On a philosophical,
even metaphysical,
level, an Infernalist
re-fights the War
in Heaven with
every trap he lays.
Each soul he
tarnishes becomes
one less candle held
against the Void. With
each victory, he
snaps another link in
the Divine chain of
being.

Hunger of the Void

The second past
time, withdrawal,
removes the Fallen

One from mere mortal
contact. Retreating to
some bizarre realm,
the Infernalist
gradually strips off
his humanity and
becomes a veritable
devil. The Resonance
of his deeds
transforms him into a
monstrosity; weird
malformations twist
his mind, body and
soul into something
only vaguely human.
setting himself up to
some sort of inverted
god, the Fallen One
creates his personal
hell and populates it
with lesser fiends
and aspiring
diabolists. Releasing
his inner Satan, he
becomes a satan to
others.

This is the legacy
of the Devil-kings,
who succeeded the
decadent
witch-priests: to
become demons upon
the Earth, or to
establish hells outside
it. Few Infernalists
ever achieve this kind
of status, but those
who do become new
gods of Darkness.

Through it all, the
Patronus bides its
time. Like a servant, it
performs black
miracles when the
Infernalist demands;
like a master, it makes
its own demands upon
the Fallen One. Just
as the warlock plays
games with mortals
and magi, so the
demon amuses itself
with his little "ally".
It's said that demons
gain status through
soul-trade and sin.
Through its patronage,
the demon turns a

mortal into a walking
whirlpool, then
channels the souls he
catches and guides
them toward its own
unspeakable designs.
In a way, the two are
partners. But in the
long run, the
partnership seems
one-sided indeed.